I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.
Huntſ. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?
2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale,
this were a bed but cold to sleepe so soundly.
Lord. Oh mounstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grimme death how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?
1. *Huntſ.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke hee cannot choose.
2. *H.* It would seeme strange vnto him when he wak'd,
Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the lodging sweete:
Procure me musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be ready straight
(And with a low submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of rose-water, And bestrew'd with flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Lady mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames;
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This

This do, and doe it kindly, gentle sirs,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.
1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true dilligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.
Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound Trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter players.

Lord. Bid them come neere;
Now fellowes, you are welcome.
Players. We thanke your Honor.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2. *Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd,
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your Honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo